

The Mirror

OF

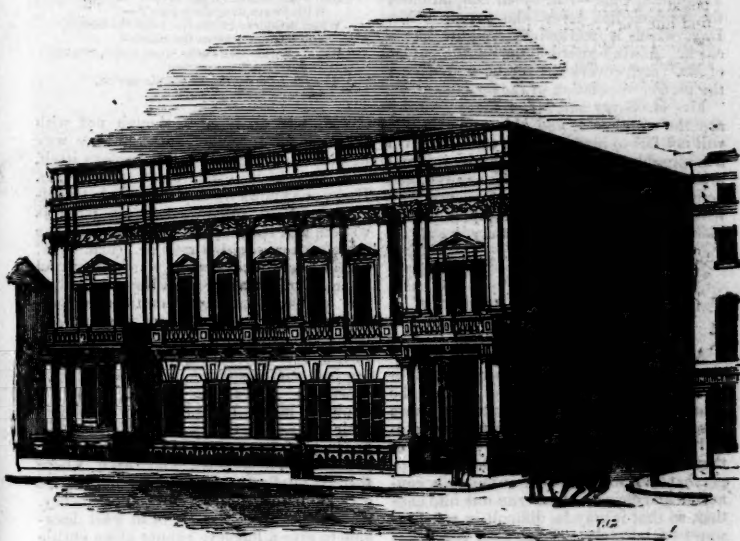
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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CONSERVATIVE CLUB HOUSE.

THE CONSERVATIVE CLUB HOUSE.

A masterly article in the *New Edinburgh Review*, argues that it is only now that the effects of peace are becoming conspicuous on a large scale. Instead of the means of this nation being expended to overthrow fortresses abroad, they are better employed in rearing useful and ornamental edifices at home. The magnificent structures which now embellish every part of our island, ought therefore to be contemplated with satisfaction, as something better than the mere trophies of victory, as the enduring monument of a lasting peace. Wherever the eye ranges, new buildings and improved plans meet the eye, and attest the progress of science, and the triumph of the arts.

Every visitor of the metropolis, of late years, has been compelled to admire the noble club-houses which embellish it. These are not very grateful to one class of trades—the hotel-keepers; for with all the

grandeur belonging to them, they offer some not slight attractions to the student of economy. The immense charges which were common at the west end were such as few purses could sustain, and hence sprung the modern club-house, which gives superb apartments, the finest wines, a first-rate attendance, at prices little exceeding what a respectable house-keeper must pay for it at home in the ordinary course of things.

Among the erections which grace London, the Conservative Club-house, in St. James's street, just completed, which will be opened to the subscribers next month, claims most honourable mention. Its fine proportions command admiration, and in every respect its arrangements are most splendid and complete. The halls and staircases are particularly striking. On entering the lower hall the cove resting upon its arches and pillars has a magnificent effect. The imposing view through the great circular opening which divides

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the two vestibules exhibits the still richer dome of the upper gallery. All the doors and other wood fittings are of real birdseye maple, sycamore, and other expensive woods, enriched with electrotyped decorations. The dining-rooms, *café* and, indeed, every apartment in the building have been formed with a due regard to amplitude and comfort. The smoking-room is ventilated by a similar process as that of the Travellers' Club—viz, by an adaptation of the Archimedian screw, the patent of Mr. Day, which is worked by weights like a clock. A wind-guard, likewise the patent of Mr. Day, covers the screw, and assists the perfect ventilation of the apartment.

Mr. G. Barry and Mr. Sydney Smirke are the architects, and this majestic pile will not fail to increase their celebrity. On a future day we may enlarge on its internal arrangements, which we are assured, will be not less perfect for the convenience they will offer, than is the general plan of the building for architectural beauty.

ON INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

As the intellectual is intrinsically superior to the material, the former being subservient and servant to the latter, the charms exhibited in the mental are more deserving of attention than any the material world can offer. In thus speaking of them separately, we must not, however, forget that they are not only often mutually connected and dependent, but run one into another, so that it may be difficult in some instances accurately to define their respective boundaries. This is the case in many examples of what are called intellectual beauties, when mind and body, in mysterious union, reciprocate hallowed influence, and heighten their mutual loveliness. Socrates, when the beauty of a youth was once praised, exclaimed, "Let me hear him." Nature, by no means is lavish in her gifts, rarely distributing but a moiety of her favours at one time or to one person, often disappoints us by exhibiting the perfection of the one in conjunction, and direct contrast with the imperfection of the other. The union of these can alone create intellectual beauty as applied to person, and these must be heightened and yet further refined by moral and spiritual beauty, or the picture in the estimation of many will want many a shade, to render it in any way becoming of its own ideal of beauty. These alone can give power and permanency to love, otherwise a soulless appetite or fanciful delusion of an imagination that for want of some living reality, would charm itself into visionary

activity and pleasure. Thus sings the fabulist and poet, when contrasting their claims to our approbation and delight:—

"The charms which blooming beauty shows,
From faces heavenly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt compare.

"With semblance apt, for ah! how soon—
How soon they all decay;
The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

"But when bright virtue shines confest,
With sweet discretion join'd—
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind—
When charms like these, dear maid, conspire,
Thy person to approve;
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love."

This will apply, also, though not with the same force, to eloquence; another way in which intellectual beauty displays itself, and in which it addresses the senses. Every one knows by experience what a difference there often is between what is written and spoken, and even between the same matter as either read or heard. Oh! what a beautiful discourse, what a beautiful thought, might never have been elicited by the perusal; but the attractions of person, character, address, and the musical undulations of the voice, with general taste, resulting from varied resources of the original and acquired, produce a charm otherwise unknown. We scarcely know, in many instances, how to adjust their respective claims; what is the sole product of intellectual superiority or adventitious advantages; and even where there is intellectual excellence, it becomes difficult to decide how far mere fluency, which, though necessary, or at least desirable to give a fluency, cannot alone entitle to this distinction, has betrayed the judgment in its appreciation. What is beautiful in style or sentiment must be distinguished from fluency, though it may acquire the suffrage of multitudes to bow to its excellence. There are, however, charms of diction as well as thought and expression, which carry our hearts along with the speaker, rivet us to his subject, and control us almost at his pleasure, so as frequently to allure us by its spell, to the regions of error. Appropriateness and harmony, and other minor qualifications of style or rhetoric, are often of considerable importance, and enter largely into the constituent elements of the beautiful address and the beautiful speakers. But let us return to what may be strictly styled intellectual beauty.

That intelligent mind, which is the seat and source of the beautiful, rises infinitely higher than all the rich and varied and unspeakable beauties of the material creation. The glory of God, as the great architype, may be seen around us and above us in endless forms and voices of loveliness, in

the glow of the sun, the calm radiance of the stars, the soft and sweet effulgence of the moon, the whisper of the breeze, and in the vegetable and other kingdoms, each of which is more or less beautiful in its place and season. They are all types which should guide our too wandering thoughts to some aspiring conceptions of the infinite greatness of that mind which is alike infinite power and infinite beauty. But all these forms of loveliness are but lifeless pictures of Him who is the sum and source of, all beauty; a mind is a *living* representation. There is all the difference between the portrait of the painter and the living likeness in the son. The pencil of the artist can never delineate those points of similitude which require motion, speech, and action—those higher faculties of the soul which are often here comparatively quiet, concealed, or difficult to be ascertained.

The various combinations of thought entertained in the mind of the various methods of communicating them, are so many ways of possessing and manifesting this intellectual distinction. Beauty is not so easily perceived in the intellectual world as in the material. It lies not, like the latter, on the surface. It rarely approaches the intuitive; but material beauty at once catches the eye, and enters the mind. This is especially the case when we would ascertain the capability of the mind in this particular excellence. We cannot ascertain its genuine features but by its efforts and their effects; and this judgment must be formed on what is called the *tentative* method in science, by which the conclusion is drawn alone from a careful comparison of a number of experiments, all approximating more or less to the same result. Beauty of style may often be distinguished from beauty of thought, and the converse is equally true; but originality in either is indicative of a mind distinguished for this attainment, though the latter is far preferable to the former.

Beauty of thought and composition, though connected with and conducive to refinement, is yet easily distinguishable. Both are often found separate, if not sometimes in apparent opposition. Refinement is opposed to simplicity, being language less natural and common, and a train of thought less obvious, which it requires a peculiar taste to pursue with success. Seneca, on moral subjects, and Cowley, and Donne in poetry, are often too refined; that is, their thoughts and expressions are too elaborated and far-fetched. But there can never be excess in beauty, in which it differs from the rich, fine, nervous, and even the graceful, simple, and the sublime, from all of which it borrows, though not without ample repayment and remuneration.

It is also to be distinguished from mere strength or activity of mind. Though depending upon them for its existence, as well as its varied exercises and its progressive improvement, it may yet be never discernable in the former. In some writings, however, which require strength, strength itself may be styled beauty, because suitable and graceful. In history, philosophy, and some species of oratory, or any grave and weighty composition, the more this quality predominates, the more beauty. The same may be asserted of simplicity and of refinement, or any style or course of reflection, where we are delighted by a train of thought and a turn of expression at once natural and becoming. Even mathematics and the abstract sciences may lay claims to a certain kind of *beauty*; and we often hear, accordingly, the mathematician or scientific genius describing certain problems and experiments as "beautiful." Order, harmony, propriety, and ingenuity, though devoid of ornament, are yet so many forms of the beautiful. Close and correct reasoning, especially if distinguished for originality or ingenuity, indicates the same order of mind; and we at once recognise and delight in the nice balance of a judgment that could accurately discriminate differences or similarities, and adjust the proportions of fact, experiment, or theory. Understanding the term in this large sense it will be seen that beauty is connected with, and dependent upon, strength of mind on the judgment as well as the fancy. The degree of perfection must depend on the native and acquired resources of the mind. The stronger, the more capacious the mind, the higher may be its ambition and rise towards the beautiful. The inward power and outward expression are often found disproportionate; good taste is not always connected with originality, and this must be ascribed to the unequal development of various powers of mind; and, hence, the phrenologist has his organ of ideality, which fact illustrates, as it coincides, with our previous assertions. Amongst other exhibitions of mental power is that furnished by conversation or debate. When a man can expatiate freely on subjects of taste, or discuss with accuracy the merits of different systems, it leaves a more powerful conviction of his mental superiority on the minds of the hearers than the most long and elaborated productions of prose or poetry. We see and feel all the reality of the difference between the man of research and the man of talent.

But the gift of a ready utterance and extemporaneous eloquence is not always decisive either as to the intellectual superiority in those who manifest it, or inferiority in those in whom it is wanting. A number of adventitious causes may inter-

vene to prevent the full display of talent in the latter as they may to aid its development in the former; and many who have no fear of failing, or, what often leads to it, a too eager desire to excel, may want that power, as well as readiness, of expressing which they have of conceiving, whilst others may have no resources in which to intrench themselves, but a few bright, polished arrows in their quiver, which spent, they are no longer able to make a front, however apparently great in the first outset. It is rare to find great speakers great thinkers; the habits of close reflection are rather unfavourable to fluent utterance. Sir Isaac Newton, it is well known, made but a poor figure in conversation.

We must therefore consult a man's writings if we would ascertain the extent of his powers, and even here he may be often unequal to himself. Carelessness about the opinion of others, indifference as to success, or a native languor and aversion to close study may prevent a man from calling forth his full energies. Some of our first poets and prose writers are not only often chargeable with great faults, but often fail so as to reach mediocrity if they do not descend yet lower.

Versatility, whether manifested in conversation or writing, gives us an enlarged idea of the excellence of mind. We admire the linguist who has a correct and comprehensive knowledge of seven languages, although he may not be properly master of one, as we feel persuaded that the mental resources and study in the former, must exceed those of the latter.

Too great a study of strength, to the neglect of other desirable qualities of style, often render writers defective in beauty. Coarseness or harshness may be the result of fear, of fastidiousness, or affectation, or else proceed from a neglect of the harmonious construction of sentences. This is generally regarded as a characteristic fault of some of the earliest English classics; superior to the modern, both in nervous and energetic thought and expression, they are perhaps equally deficient in grace and beauty. In version, for instance, which if carried to any extent, is a great blemish, they are often preferred to a more direct and graceful form of phraseology.

Others, afraid of anything bordering on bombast, redundancy, or the false beautiful and sublime, adopt both a coarse russet style of thought and expression; and, though deeming themselves profound thinkers, or standard critics, never rise even to the lowest mediocrity. They answer to the character on which many pride themselves, of being a sort of Mark Antony, "a plain blunt man," who only "speaks right on," and is "no orator as Brutus is." But Shakspeare has drawn their character else-

where, in lines we may perhaps be permitted to quote, not only for the present purpose, but as an illustration of what we have just stated of the old classics:—

"This is some fellow
Who having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth;
And they will take it so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, who in their plain-
ness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupted ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely."

But the beautiful here must still be a matter of taste in which, though there may be general uniformity, there will still be varieties of opinion. True taste often discerns beauty in appropriateness, where a fastidious delicacy or false prejudice takes offence. The terse and expressive idiom, and the nervous period, although they may want some of the graces of natural beauty or finished art, and so offend a modern ear, will have its sanction. Subjects which require great plainness of speech and power of thought, are never so well handled as when both the matter and the manner are in strict subserviency to the subject under discussion. But it will not therefore connive at, or even tolerate, uncouthness of any kind, or any style or sentiment below the dignity of a serious subject. It is to be regretted when what is intrinsically valued is rendered unexceptionable by anything adscititious; when an effort is to be made, as is occasionally the case, to do the important instruction in so coarse a dress, that it courts the opposition of the refined and intellectual. A true philosopher, indeed, like a true Christian, will always value wholesome doctrine in spite of an unseemly garb—will prize the "apples of gold" although they be not "set in pictures of silver; nevertheless, an outrage to the becoming and beautiful must jar on the nerve of a cultivated mind, and the more so, because such a mind will sympathise with the feelings of those who, with like sensibility, are not equally disposed to make allowance for the truth's sakes.

Amongst our prose writers the following may be mentioned as examples of the beautiful—Melmotte, Dyer, Addison, and Beattie. It must not, however, be forgotten, that they, like all other distinguished writers, are often unequal to themselves, and that we must therefore confine the assertion to selections, and not the whole of their writings. Though Sterne is occasionally beautiful, yet it is but rare, and there are so many exceptions, that, especially with any moral refinement, we feel offended rather than pleased. It must be admitted, however, that he may be allowed a niche along with the pathetic. Sir William Temple and Lord Shaftesbury are writers who often dis-

play considerable amenity and ornament, but the few scattered beauties they give us, are so blended with many deformities that we cannot assign them a place in the list.

But we are referring to those efforts and compositions which demand force rather than beauty of mind. All that powerfully affects and pleases the imagination is to be regarded as an illustration of the beautiful; and this is frequently realised by the prose writers when the rhymers fail—incompetent, though pretending aspirants of poetry, to whose hands we would willingly transfer that delightful instrument of Apollo, the tones of which have been injured and weakened. But for specimens of the beautiful, we must, of course, look to the fine arts, and especially to poetry. Now, what we have said of our prose writers, will be found equally just if applied to our poets. The style, by which we include the combined thought and expression, varies according to their age, school, and turn of fancy. Shakspeare though often beautiful beyond all others, is yet so full of familiar, and often even of low expressions, that he sinks as much as he rises in the estimate of every true and refined lover of the beautiful. Milton aims at something higher than the mere gratification of the taste for the beautiful, is more frequently sublime than beautiful; the former, at least, constituting his great excellence. Pope is concise, mellifluous almost to excess, and fraught with sound sense and depth of memory; but his imagination is not sufficiently lively to enable him to touch with grace and effect the chords of beauty's lyre, and he is fonder of the sublime, as instanced in his *Messiah*. Cowper, though often beautiful, is generally too serious and full of thought, and not sufficiently stored with rich and appropriate imagery. Our modern poets, Wordsworth, Scott, and Campbell, have more successfully aimed at this point. But they are all, in our estimation, inferior to Mr. Goldsmith, who may be justly said to be in poetry what Mr. Addison is in prose. He has less of nature and richness than Shakspeare, but then he is uniformly correct; less energy than Milton, but more strictness; inferior to Pope in nothing but terseness and thought, he excels him in imagery, the soul of poetic beauty. Of all his pieces that of the *Village Clergyman*, we think, ranks first in this respect, the last four lines of which afford a happy but rare specimen of the union of the beautiful and sublime.

We shall not enter into the consideration of the beautiful as seen in the fine arts, nor into a philosophic consideration of beauty as an object of taste. The reader may see this discussed in Reid's *Treatise on the Mind*, p. 380. But leaving what more properly belongs to the region of metaphysics,

we shall conclude with a reflection similar to that with which we opened, on the mutual connexion and bearing of the different forms of beauty.

If intellectual beauty is frequently found unconnected with, and almost in contrast to physical, it is equally the same with moral. Mental refinement is often apart from moral excellence. The beautiful poet to whom we have just referred, was, in his social habits, vain, frivolous, and overbearing; his moral powers were rarely exerted but as servants to his fancy. He shows to others at a distance, and to future generations, that there were few beams of life and love to irradiate his own abode, and delight those who can be alone expected to possess that affection and esteem which are infinitely preferable to the applauses of the great, though they were to increase for ages.

The sentimental Sterne is another instance to the same point. Though perhaps the most pathetic, as Goldsmith is the most beautiful of writers, he possessed a heart hard and unfeeling. "What is called sentimental writing," says the Earl of Orford, "though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the product of a very bad one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of very tender heart, yet I know from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run into debt, on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother."

But though often found separate, yet intellectual beauty is sometimes seen adorning and strengthening its superior, from whom alone itself derives solid worth and unfading lustre. Painful as it is to see all that dignify the species sacrificed to intemperance, avarice, and folly, it is equally delightful to behold the lofty spirit of man ascending to its native skies. Moral relations, and dispositions, and conduct, are of far greater importance than all the varied relations of truth known or yet undiscovered in the mental world. A fair face and a fine fancy are both frequently unduly flattered, though they may and must be admired, they are not to be praised; for both the inferior and the superior have about the same claims to our regard when compared with those attributes and emanations of moral and spiritual loveliness, of a soul assimilated to, in communion with, and preparing for the Divinity—the sum and source of all beauty and perfection.

MEMOIR OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM NOTT, G.C.B.

The public have learnt with sincere regret that this gallant officer, whose name shone with no common splendour in connection with the glorious exploits which avenged the disaster a British army had to deplore at Cabool or Caubul, is no more. Crowned with laurel, and in the possession of wealth, he had retired to pass his declining days in his native vale, and years of calm enjoyment seemed before him. Providence has cut short the hope—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The event took place between one and two o'clock, p.m., on New Year's day, at his residence in Guildhall-square, Carmarthen. It had, for some weeks, been deemed impossible that the general could recover; and he lay in a state of insensibility for the two or three days previous to his death. The nature of his disease, an enlargement of the heart, left no hope that his life could be long preserved, and it is now believed that the honours paid him on his return to England hastened his dissolution. He was debilitated on his return, and the excitement consequent upon the triumphal reception he met with at each town on his route, contributed to strengthen his disease, and cut short the very limited period he enjoyed his wealth and his celebrity in his native land.

He was born in the year 1780, at Neath, Glamorganshire, and was, consequently, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. In early life William Nott left Neath, and accompanied his father to Carmarthen, where the latter lived respected many years. He was proprietor of the Ivy Bush Hotel, and an extensive mail contractor. The family descended maternally from the Harveys, of Norfolk. When the French landed in Fishguard, in 1798, Nott, then eighteen years of age, joined the Carmarthen militia as a volunteer; and Captain Davies, of Myrtle Hill, near Carmarthen, adjutant to the Carmarthen staff, has now in his possession a book, in which is entered the payments made to the late lamented general as a militiaman. Even at that early age he was noted as a very smart soldier, resolved on embracing a military life, and commenced the career which has led him to such high honours. Shortly after this, Mr. William Nott went out to India as a cadet. His talents and activity were soon appreciated, and he speedily rose in the service of the East India Company to be a major. In 1826, finding his health rapidly failing, he requested leave of absence, and returned to England. On visiting Carmarthen the general purchased the pretty seat called Job's Well, where he resided for two or three years.

By the bankruptcy of a Calcutta bank,

in which Major Nott had invested the principal part of his fortune, he found himself so much reduced in circumstances, that he deemed it advisable to part with Job's Well, and to set out again for India. After his return, his zeal and skill recommended him for speedy promotion, and he soon attained the successive ranks of colonel and major-general.

He had been many years in India, serving with honour and credit, ere his name was prominently brought forward in the Caubul expedition. Among the officers who had the chief command in that army, Nott shone forth with peculiar lustre. The admirable manner in which he led on his division, and the rapidity with which he attacked and captured forts and stations on the line of march, is well known; but no part of his military conduct can at all be compared to that at Kandahar, where he was isolated from the other troops, surrounded by hostile and savage tribes, and, what was more distressing than all, harassed and almost overpowered with sorrow at the prospect of being compelled to obey the orders of the governor-general, and retreat upon Sukkur without even making an attempt to avenge the disasters of Caubul. His firmness, his prudence, and his passive resistance on this trying occasion, are entitled to the highest praise, and contributed in no small degree to the long wished-for march upon the capital of Afghanistan, and the glorious result of that campaign. When summoned by Lord Ellenborough to retreat without striking a blow, he showed, by the most wary conduct, that he could not comply, and that to abandon British subjects treacherously kidnapped into captivity would be a national disgrace. His remonstrances on the occasion display both his spirit and good sense. He could move forward, he said, like a true hearted soldier, but retreat was impossible. He never gave up the idea of again visiting Caubul. "Perhaps," said he, in a letter written for the perusal of the governor-general, "it is not within my province to observe that, in my humble opinion, an unnecessary alarm has been created regarding the position of our troops in this country, and of the strength and power of the enemy we have to contend with. This enemy cannot face our troops in the field with any chance of success, however superior they may be in numbers, provided those precautions are strictly observed which war between a small body of disciplined soldiers and a vast crowd of untrained, disorganised, and half-civilised people, constantly renders necessary. True, the British troops suffered a dreadful disaster at Caubul, and it is not for me to presume to point out why this happened, however evident I may conceive the reasons, and the long train of military and political

events which led to the sad catastrophe." After receiving the orders to retire at once from Kandahar, he was obviously in expectation that delay might be beneficial in affording time for the transmission of counter orders. Writing to general Pollock, on the 30th of May, he says, "I have withdrawn the garrison of Kelat-i-Ghilzie; the order left me no discretion; the same order applies in the same positive manner to Kandahar; however, it will take some time to arrange, and before I can possibly carry it into effect, there will be ample time for the government, should they deem it advisable, to send me other orders. I shall be prepared to advance or retire, agreeably to the pleasure of government." And, fortunately, the government did send further orders not to advance, but to leave the matter to the discretion of the general, which amounted to the same thing. He advanced with his little brave army, reached Caubul about the same time with the divisions under general Pollock, and had the inexpressible joy and self-satisfaction of beholding again the British standard floating on the towers of the Bala Hissar. This was no ordinary triumph. The gallant officer brought back his troops in good order to India.

For his eminent services he received from his sovereign the highest military distinction in her power to bestow, being made a Grand Cross of the order of the Bath on the 2d of December, 1842, immediately after the glorious victories which he achieved in Kandahar. He also received the thanks of both houses of the legislature for his "intrepidity, skill, and perseverance in that contest." The court of directors of the honourable East India Company voted, in September last, an annuity of 1,000 guineas per annum to the gallant general.

At the conclusion of the war in Afghanistan, general Nott found that his health had become so impaired by the climate as to render it necessary for him to return immediately to England. At the Cape of Good Hope, on the homeward voyage, the gallant general was first attacked by that illness, which has terminated so fatally.

On arriving at Carmarthen the general repurchased Job's Well, and immediately caused the house to be taken down, having it in contemplation to erect a splendid villa in the Elizabethan style of architecture. Like the wealthy man in *Horace*, we find him building a palace on the verge of the grave, but not with the purse-proud vanity impudently imputed by the poet to his contemporary. The work has been for some in progress; but it was ordained that the general should not live to see its completion. The veteran's constitution was not easily overcome; and when at last nature became exhausted, he expired without a

groan, and, as it appeared, as if he was going to sleep.

The general has left four children by his first wife, the daughter of Henry Scombe, Esq., an attorney in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, viz., the Rev. William Nott, Miss Nott, R.M. Nott, Esq., and Miss Charlotte Nott, all of whom, together with Lady Nott, were present at the last awful moment when Sir William was called to meet his maker. His brother, George Nott, Esq., was sent for, but did not arrive until after the general's death.

At an advanced period of his life Sir William took the bold step of marrying a young lady. There was an awful disparity of years, not fewer than forty-five, as she is now stated to be only twenty. Like Desdemona, we may presume.

"She loved him for the dangers he had passed.

Her affections is said to have been unbounded, and her attention to him during his last illness proportionately self-sacrificing. On the fatal tidings of the gallant general's death being communicated to her ladyship, she was seized with strong hysterics, and it was feared that some illness would follow.

The town of Carmarthen has sustained a severe loss, as since the general's residence there (her ladyship having been the almoner of his bounty), he has been charitable to such an extent as to have called forth the blessings of the poorer class for miles around. No one went unrelieved from Sir William's door, and no petition, however humble, was spurned by him.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "*Student's French Grammar*," translator of *Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite,"* &c.

VOLUME FOURTH.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE HEIR.

As soon as Samuel had opened the door to Gabriel and Rodin, the latter said to the Jew—"Are you, sir, the guardian of this house?"

"Yes, sir," replied Samuel.

"This is the Abbé Gabriel de Rennepont," said Rodin, pointing to his companion; "he is a descendant of the Rennepont family."

"Ah! so much the better," almost unconsciously exclaimed the Jew, as he gazed, with deep interest, on the noble, and serene countenance of the young priest, and on his pale, clear brow, which was already encircled with the glory of a mar-

tyr. Finding, however, that this attention was becoming embarrassing to Gabriel, he said to him—"The notary, sir, will not be here till ten o'clock."

Gabriel looked at him with an air of surprise, saying, "What notary, sir?"

"The Abbé d'Aigrigny will explain all to you," interrupted Rodin, hastily; then addressing Samuel, he added, "We are rather too soon; could we not wait here for the arrival of the notary?"

"Certainly, walk in, gentlemen," said Samuel.

"Thank you," replied Rodin.

The Jew, then, led them to an apartment, on the ground floor, that looked into the court-yard.

"The Abbé d'Aigrigny," said Rodin "will shortly be here, and will inquire for us; would you have the kindness to conduct him thither?"

"With pleasure," replied Samuel, who then withdrew, leaving Rodin and Gabriel alone. The features of the latter, usually so benign and placid, now wore an expression of sternness and resolution. This change did not escape the notice of Rodin.

When the Jew had retired, Gabriel said, in firmness, "Will you tell me now, sir, why I have, for several days past, been denied access to his reverence; and also, why he has chosen to grant me an interview in this house?"

"I cannot answer these questions," replied Rodin, coldly. "All that I can say is, that our Superior is as anxious for this interview as yourself, and that he has fixed on its taking place, in this house, because you are interested in being here: which you well know, notwithstanding the surprise you evinced, when you heard the guardian speak of the notary."

In saying this, Rodin cast a scrutinising and anxious look at Gabriel, whose countenance expressed the greatest surprise.

"I do not understand you," said Gabriel.

"What interest can I have in this house?"

"I tell you again it is impossible for you to be unacquainted with it," rejoined Rodin, still carefully watching the countenance of Gabriel. Answer me "What did your adopted mother tell you yesterday, and wherefore receive her without the permission of the Abbé d'Aigrigny? Did she not tell you of some family papers that were found on you, at the time she first took you under her protection?"

"No, sir," replied Gabriel. "At the period you speak of, those papers were confided to the care of my adopted mother's confessor; subsequently, they passed into the hands of the Abbé d'Aigrigny; and this is the first mention I have heard of them, for a very long time."

"You pretend, then, that it was not on

this subject that Frances Beudoin came to speak to you about yesterday?"

"This is the second time you have appeared to doubt, what I have affirmed," said the young priest, mildly. "I can assure you I am speaking the truth."

"He knows nothing," thought Rodin, who was too well acquainted with Gabriel's sincerity, to entertain any further doubt, after so positive a declaration.

"I believe you," replied Rodin. "The idea occurred to me as I was endeavouring to find out why you transgressed the orders that the Abbé d'Aigrigny had given you, to remain in perfect solitude; and also, why you, contrary to all the rules of our Order, kept your door shut, which in order to facilitate the mutual *surveillance* that is enforced us, should always remain open. For these serious breaches of our discipline, I could only account, by supposing that something of great importance rendered it necessary that you should converse with your adopted mother."

"It was to a priest, and not to her adopted son, that Madame Baudoin wished to speak," gravely rejoined Gabriel. "And the reason why I closed my door, was because she was at confession."

"What could Frances Baudoin have to confess to you of so urgent a nature?"

"You will know presently," replied Gabriel, firmly, "when I inform his reverence of it, if he will permit you to hear me."

The reader will remember that Gabriel had, up to this time, been kept in complete ignorance, respecting the important family interests, that required his presence in the Rue St. Francis. Madame Baudoin, distracted with grief, had not thought of telling him that the orphans were also required to be there. Gabriel was, therefore, entirely ignorant of the relation in which he stood to the daughters of Marshal Simon, to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, to M. Hardy, to Prince Djalma, and Couche-tout-Nu. And, in fact, if he had been told that he was the heir of M. Renepont, he would have believed that he was the only surviving descendant.

After the lapse of a considerable time, the Abbé d'Aigrigny arrived, and Rodin, unobserved by Gabriel, whispered in the ear of his Superior—"He knows nothing; and we need not be afraid of the Indian."

The features of d'Aigrigny were pale and convulsed, like those of a gamester who had risked his last stake. Everything had hitherto been favourable to his designs, but he could not think, without fear, of the four hours that must pass, before the arrival of the fatal moment. He accosted Gabriel in a cordial and affectionate manner."

"My dear son," said he, "the refusal to

grant you the interview you have repeatedly solicited since your return, has pained me exceedingly; and although I have no explanation to offer respecting the orders I gave you, I yet wish to assure you, that I have only acted for your own interest."

"I am bound to believe your reverence," replied Gabriel. The young priest felt a magic emotion of fear which he could not control. Up to his departure on his mission to America, the Abbé d'Aigrigny, at whose hands he had received the vows, that irrevocably bound him to the Jesuits, had exercised over him one of those fearfully despotic influences that destroy all the vital energies of the soul. This was the first time, since his return from America, that he had found himself in the presence of d'Aigrigny; and although his resolution remained unshaken, he regretted that he had not been able to derive an increase of confidence, from a frank and cordial interview with Agricola and Dagobert.

D'Aigrigny observed the emotion of the young priest, and was too well acquainted with mankind to be ignorant of its cure. This impression appeared to him a favourable augury; he therefore redoubled the kindness and urbanity of his manners, saying, as he seated himself, "You wish, my dear son, to converse with me on some subject of great importance?"

"Yes, father, I have also something very important to communicate to you."

"Listen to me, therefore, first," said the Abbé, "and I will hear you afterwards. It is now, my dear son, about twelve years since the confession of your adopted mother, called my attention to the astonishing progress you had made at the school of the brethren. On inquiry, I found that your excellent conduct, your modest character, and your precocious intellect, were deserving encouragement and esteem. From that time I watched your conduct, and soon found that you were intended for something higher than an artisan; you were then, through my influence, and with the consent of your adopted mother, admitted into our Society; and by this means, an excellent woman was relieved of a heavy burden, and a child that had already given birth to such high hopes, received, under our paternal care, all the benefits of a religious education. Is this not true, my son?"

"It is," replied Gabriel, casting his eyes upon the ground.

"As you grew up," continued d'Aigrigny, "rare and excellent virtues were developed in you; your obedience and gentleness were highly exemplary, and you made rapid progress in your studies. At that time I was ignorant of your future career, but I was certain that whatever might be your future condition, you would always remain a well beloved son of the church. Not have

my hopes been deceived; indeed you have far surpassed them. When you were informed that your adopted mother ardently desired that you should enter into holy orders, you generously and religiously responded to the wish of her to whom you were so greatly indebted. And as the Lord is always just in the distribution of his rewards, it was his wish, when you became one of the members militant of our holy church, that this act of devotion to your adopted mother, might be rendered divinely profitable to yourself."

At these words Gabriel, remembering what Frances had told him the day before, could hardly restrain himself.

D'Aigrigny continued—"I will not conceal from you my dear son, that your resolution filled me with joy. I beheld in you one of the future lights of the church; and I was desirous, that your lustre might be shed on our Order. The numerous and painful trials to which we are subject, you bore courageously; you were then deemed worthy of belonging to us; and after having taken the sacred and irrevocable oath that binds you for ever to our holy Order, you desired to go and preach the Catholic faith among the heathens; and although it was painful to part with you, my dear son, your pious wish was acceded to. You departed a humble missionary, and you have returned a glorious martyr; and we are justly proud of your belonging to our Order. This brief summing of the past, my dear son, was necessary, in order to arrive at what follows, which, if possible, will bind you yet more closely to us. Listen, therefore, my dear son, to what I am going to say, which is confidential, and highly important, not only to you but to all the brotherhood."

"In that case," exclaimed Gabriel, "I cannot—I ought not to hear you."

The young priest turned pale, and the violent emotion under which he was labouring, was visible on his countenance. But quickly recovering himself, he raised his head, and cast on d'Aigrigny and Rodin a glance that bespoke his unaltered resolution. He added, "I repeat to you, father, that I must not listen to the confidential affair of the Society."

"My dear son, what ails you? Speak without fear, and tell me how you cannot listen to me?"

"I cannot do so till I also have taken a rapid survey of the past; after which you will perceive that I am no longer entitled to your confidence."

It would be impossible to describe the appearance of d'Aigrigny and Rodin at this moment. The latter bit his nails, as he fastened his angry serpent's eye on Gabriel. D'Aigrigny turned pale, and his brow was covered with a cold sweat. Remembering—

however, the immense interests that were at stake, he preserved his composure, and said in a kindly tone, "It is impossible for me to believe, my dear son, that you and I shall ever be separated by an abyss, without it be one of sorrow; for anything that would endanger your salvation, would afflict me sorely. But speak on—I will hear you."

"It is as you have said, father," commenced Gabriel, in a firm voice; "twelve years since, I was, by your influence, placed at a college belonging to the Jesuits. I entered it with feelings of love, faith, and confidence. How were those precious instincts of infancy afterwards fostered? I will tell you. On the day of my arrival the superior said to me, pointing to two children rather older than myself, 'These will henceforth be your companions, and you must always accompany them in their walks, for the rules of the college prohibit all conversation between two persons, unless they are accompanied by a third. And you will be required to listen attentively to the discourse of you companions, in order that you may be able to report it to me; for these dear children may, unknown to themselves, have wicked thoughts and evil inclinations, which, if you love your comrades you will apprise me of, so that I, by my paternal remonstrance, in pointing out their faults, may save them from punishment. For it is always better to prevent evil than to inflict punishment.'"

"These are, certainly, my dear son," said d'Aigrigny, "the rules of our colleges, and this is the language addressed to the pupils on their entrance."

"I know it, father," replied Gabriel, bitterly. "Three days after this, I, a credulous and submissive child, was innocently playing the spy on my comrades, and reporting their conversation to the superior, who commended me for my zeal in this base employment, which I was taught was a duty of charity, and which I, in my infantine faith, believed as implicitly as I would the word of God. Not long after, I transgressed one of the rules of the college; on which occasion the superior said to me, 'You deserve to be severely punished, my child, but you will be forgiven if you detect either of your companions in the same fault you have committed.' And fearing, notwithstanding my faith and blind obedience, that this encouragement to turn informer, based as it was on self-interest, might appear odious to me, he added, 'I am speaking to you, my child, for the welfare of your comrade; for if he should escape punishment, he would become habituated to evil. But by detecting him in his error, and thereby bringing on him a salutary punishment, you will reap the double advantage of contributing to his

amendment, and of screening yourself, by your zeal for your neighbour, from the punishment you have merited."

"All this," said d'Aigrigny, growing more and more alarmed at the language of Gabriel—"is in conformity with the rules of our colleges and the customs of our Order."

"Yes," replied Gabriel, "and in this manner I was encouraged to do evil."

"My dear sir," said d'Aigrigny, endeavouring to conceal his increasing anguish under an appearance of offended dignity—"this language from you to me is, at the least, unbecoming, and it is painful for me to be obliged to remind you that you owe your education to us."

"Until then," resumed Gabriel, "I had watched the other children disinterestedly; but the orders of my superior caused me to take another step in this infamous career—I became an informer to screen myself from punishment, and so great was my faith and humility that I actually performed this odious task with candour and innocence. Once, however, I confess I was tormented by vain scruples; this was the last effort of those generous aspirations that were afterwards stifled in my bosom. I asked myself if the religious and charitable motive that was attributed to this continual system of espionage was sufficient to excuse me. I acquainted my superior with my scruples, and he told me that obedience was my duty, and that to him alone belonged the responsibility of my acts."

"Continue, my dear son," said d'Aigrigny, dejectedly. "Alas! I was right in opposing your journey to America."

"And Providence," cried Gabriel, "ordained that it should be in that free and fertile land, that my eyes were first to be opened. Yes, it was there, after I had left the sombre abode in which I had passed so many years of my youth, that, for the first time, I was face to face with the majesty of the creator, amid immense solitudes; and being overpowered with so much magnificence and grandeur, I took an oath, which I shall shortly explain. That day," continued the missionary, in a tone of deep sorrow, "was a sad and fatal one, for I then doubted and accused that which I had so long venerated and blessed. Oh! I assure you, father, it was not for myself alone that I then wept."

"I know the kindness of your heart, my dear son," said d'Aigrigny, catching at a ray of hope, as he witnessed the emotion of Gabriel. "I fear, my son, you have been misled. But confide in your spiritual fathers, and we will, I hope, succeed in dissipating the darkness that has obscured your vision. Go on, my son."

"You know, father, that the latter part of my childhood—that happy age of frank-

ness, innocence, and affection—was passed in an atmosphere of fear, restraint, and suspicion. How, alas! could I have yielded to the slightest impulse of confidence, when I was constantly told to avoid the gaze of those that spoke to me; in order that I might the more effectually conceal my feelings from them. When I attained the age of fifteen, the rare visits that I was permitted to pay my adopted mother were restricted, with the view of rendering my heart insensible to all the tender and gentle feelings of our nature—gloomy and fearful, in that sad and silent abode, I felt that I was being isolated from the freedom and affection of the world. My time was passed in useless studies, and in the observance of the minute forms of devotion. The blessed words of the Saviour, *'Love one another,'* were replaced by *'Mistrust one another.'* My adopted mother and brother, whom I had not seen for six months, paid me a visit. A few years before I would have received them with joy—this time my heart was cold, and my eyes were dry—they departed in tears, and I was sorrowful—I began to be conscious of the coldness and insensibility that had come over me during my stay in that tomb. I was alarmed, and asked to leave it, while I had yet strength sufficient left. I then applied to you, father, respecting the choice of an occupation, for I then fancied I heard in the distance the hum of free and busy life—a life endeared by family affections. Oh! how I then felt the want of liberty. I told you that the life of a soldier or an artisan would suit me. It was then you informed me that my adopted mother, to whom I owed everything, had but one desire."

"That you should, my dear son, enter into holy orders."

"Not so," said Gabriel, with an involuntary movement of indignation. "It is painful for me to contradict you, father; but Francis Baudoin never had such an idea."

"You are hasty in your judgment, my dear son."

"She told me all yesterday, father."

"You place then, my dear son, the word of your adopted mother over mine."

"A direct answer would be painful to us both—then pray excuse my silence."

At this moment Samuel entered, and said that some one wished to speak to M. Rodin.

"Thank you," said Rodin, and having placed in the hands of d'Aigrigny a slip of paper, on which he had written a few lines with his pencil, he withdrew, leaving Gabriel and d'Aigrigny together.

CHAPTER XX.—THE RUPTURE.

The Marquis d'Aigrigny, plunged into the most bitter anguish, took mechanically

the note that Rodin had proffered, and held it in his hand without opening it. Daring not to reply to the reproaches of the young priest, as he was afraid of irritating him in whom so much depended, he waited in mute anxiety the conclusion of that interview which had begun with so menacing an aspect.

"It is necessary," said Gabriel, "for me to continue the exposition up to the period of my departure for America; then you will understand the purport of this interview."

The Abbé made him a sign to continue. "When informed of the pretended wish of my adopted mother I became resigned, regardless of my own inclinations; for I owed this good woman a sacred debt, which I was desirous of paying. Then the true spirit of the religion of Christ is so vivifying, that I became animated at the idea of studying the adorable counsels of our divine Saviour. I imagined that the seminary to which you had destined me, was a place of holiness, where all that was good and evangelical were to be found; where the immortal words of Christ were expounded in their widest sense; where ardent love of humanity and the delights of commiseration and tolerance were depicted in their true colours—softening the hearts of the wealthy, and drawing their attention to suffering humanity."

"Such is, indeed, my dear son, the spirit of Christianity; but it is necessary to study much to understand it to the letter. To do so is a work of analysis, of discipline, and submission, and not the effect of the heart and of sentiment."

"On entering your seminary, I saw too much of that; I, alas, found my hopes blasted—my heart seared. Instead of the affection that buoy up the heart of youth, I found the same inexorable discipline—the same mode of informing upon each other, and the same obstacles to prevent all ties of friendship."

"Order, submission, and regularity, my son, are the foundations of our Society."

"Alas, such destroys the spirit instead of being a balm to it. In the midst of my dejection I applied myself to the scholastic studies of theology—dark and sinister studies, that awaken up animosity, jealousy, and suspicion; never the ideas of peace, of amelioration, or of liberty."

"Theology, my dear son," said the Abbé with severity, "is at once a cuirass to defend and shelter dogmas, and a sword to exterminate heresy."

"Still Christ and his apostles were ignorant of this dark science, and their simple and touching words regenerate men, and cause slavery to give place to liberty. But, far from pouring into our ears that divine language, our young minds were

drilled into the various warfares of religion, and made acquainted with the floods of blood that the Lord required to drown heresy. The adopted practice of informing upon each other engendered the most bitter hatred and profound resentment. At last I took the orders, and when a priest you invited me to enter the society of Christ, as you termed it, and I, insensibly, almost unknowingly, did so."

"You must remember, my 'dear son,'" said the Abbé, pale and agitated, "that the previous evening I told you that, according to our rules, you might choose for yourself, for we only accept voluntary services."

"That is true," said Gabriel, mournfully. "Three months' solitude had rendered me inert, and while incapable of moving, you opened my cell, saying, 'If it is your desire to rise, walk; you are free.' Alas! strength failed me. All that I wished was the repose of the grave. Then I pronounced the irrevocable vow, and so fell into your hands. The true end of the Society had always been kept a secret from me. The abandonment of my will, which I was to place in my Superior's, was demanded in order to further the glory of God, and in being a passive instrument in your hands, you told me that I should be engaged in a great and holy work. I believed you; why should I not have done so? I was waiting patiently, when a serious illness changed my destiny: you know the cause of it."

(*To be continued.*)

LOSS IN DELAYS.

[The following quaint, but forcible verses, are by Robert Southwell, a poet of the reign of Elizabeth.]

Shun delays, they breed remorse,
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labour comes to nought.
Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.
Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind, his scalp is naked;
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.
Seek thy salve while sore is green,
Fester'd wounds ask deeper lancing;
After cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing;
Time and place give best advice,
Out of season, out of price.

THE PETCHERAI INDIANS.

To civilised man, so "infinite in thought," it is always interesting to study the manners and ideas of his fellow men in a state of nature. The orb we inhabit is now so rapidly and so incessantly traversed, that comparatively few lands remain to be explored; and, consequently, the opportunities for contemplating those who have not been, in some degree, tutored by Europeans or their descendants, are rare. An exploring expedition was fitted out by the government of the United States, in 1838, which continued its labours till 1842. In this we find a minute description of a race of whom till now we have scarcely heard—the Petcherai Indians. Some of their peculiarities, as described by Captain Wilkes, the commander of the expedition, are not a little striking. They seem to be as wild, as helpless, as the aboriginal inhabitants of New South Wales. We read—"They were entirely naked, with the exception of a small piece of seal-skin, only sufficient to cover one shoulder, and which is generally worn on the side from which the wind blows, affording them some little shelter against its piercing influence. They were not more than five feet high, of a light copper colour, which is much concealed by smut and dirt, particularly on their faces, which they mark vertically with charcoal. They have short faces, narrow foreheads, and high cheek-bones. Their eyes are small and unusually black, the upper eyelids in the inner corner are overlapping the under one, and bear a strong resemblance to those of the Chinese. Their nose is broad and flat, with wide-spread nostrils, mouth large, teeth white, large, and regular. The hair is long, lank, and black, hanging over the face, and is covered with white ashes which gives them a hideous appearance. The whole face is compressed. Their bodies are remarkable from the great development of their chest, shoulders, and vertebral columns; their arms are long, and out of proportion; their legs small and ill made. There is, in fact, little difference between the size of the ankle and the leg; and when standing the skin at the knee hangs in a large loose fold. In some, the muscles of the leg appear almost wanting, and possess very little strength. This want of development in the muscles of the leg is owing to their constant sitting posture, both in their huts, and canoes. Their skin is sensibly colder than ours. It is impossible to fancy any thing in human nature more filthy. They are an ill-shapen and ugly race. They have little or no idea of the value of articles, even of those that one would suppose were of the utmost use to them, such as iron and glass-ware. A glass bottle broken into pieces is valued as much as a

knife. Red flannel, torn into stripes, pleases them more than in the piece; they wound it around their heads, as a kind of turban, and it was amusing to see their satisfaction at this small acquisition. The children were quite small, and nestled in the bottom of the canoe on some dry grass. The woman and eldest boy paddled the canoe, the man being employed to bale out the water and attend to the fire, which is always carried in the bottom of the canoe, on a few stones and ashes, which the water surrounds. Their canoes are constructed of bark, are very frail, and sewed with shreds of whalebone, seal-skin, and twigs. They are sharp at both ends, and are kept in shape as well as strengthened by a number of stretchers lashed to the gunwale. These Indians seldom venture outside the kelp, by the aid of which they pull themselves along; and their paddles are so small as to be of little use in propelling their canoes, unless it is calm. Some of the officers thought they recognised a party on the Hermit Islands that had been on board the ship at Orange Harbour. If this was the case, we must have ventured across the bay of Nassau, a distance of some ten or twelve miles. This, if correct, would go to prove that there is more intercourse among them than their frail barks would lead one to expect. Their huts are generally found built close to the shore, at the head of some small bay, in a secluded spot, and sheltered from the prevailing winds. They are built of boughs or small trees, stuck in the earth, and brought together at the top, where they are firmly bound by bark, sedge, and twigs. Smaller branches are then interlaced, forming a tolerably compact wicker-work, and on this, grass, turf, and bark are laid, making the hut quite warm, and impervious to the wind and snow, though not quite so to the rain. The usual dimensions of these huts are seven or eight feet in diameter, and about four or five feet in height. They have an oval hole to creep in at. The fire is built in a small excavation in the middle of the hut. The floor is of clay, which has the appearance of having been well kneaded. The usual accompaniment of a hut is a conical pile of shells opposite the door, nearly as large as the hut itself. Their occupancy of a hut seems to be limited to the supply of shell-fish, consisting of muscles and limpets in the neighbourhood. These natives are never seen but in their huts or canoes. The impediments to their communication by land are great, growing out of the mountainous and rocky character of the country, intersected with inlets deep and impassable, and in most places bound by abrupt precipices, together with a soil which may be termed a quagmire, on which it is difficult to walk.

This prevails on the hills as well as in the plains and valleys. The impenetrable nature of the forest, with the dense undergrowth of thorny bushes, renders it impossible for them to overcome or contend with these difficulties. They appear to live in families, and not in tribes, and do not seem to acknowledge any chief. On the 11th of March three bark canoes arrived, containing four men, four women, and a girl about sixteen years old, four little girls and four infants, one of the latter about a week old, and quite naked. The thermometer was at 46 deg. Fahrenheit. They had rude weapons, viz., slings to throw stones, three rude spears, pointed at the end with bone, and notched on one side with barbed teeth. With this they catch their fish, which are in great quantities among the kelp. Two of the natives were induced to come on board, after they had been alongside for upwards of an hour, and received many presents, for which they gave their spears, a dog, and some of their rude native trinkets. They did not show or express surprise at anything on board, except when seeing one of the carpenters engaged in boring a hole with a screw-auger through a plank, which would have been a long task for them. They were very talkative, smiling when spoken to, and often bursting into loud laughter, but instantly settling into their natural, serious, and sober cast. They were found to be great mimics, both in gesture and sound, and would repeat any word of our language, with great correctness of pronunciation. Their imitations of sounds were truly astonishing. One of them ascended and descended the octave perfectly, following the sounds of the violin correctly. It was then found he could sound the common chords, and follow through the semitone scale with scarcely an error. They have all musical voices, speaking in the note G sharp, ending with the semitone A, when asking for presents, and were continually singing

Yah mass scoo nah Yah mass scoo nah.

Their mimicry became annoying, and precluded our getting at any of their words or ideas. It not only extended to words or sounds but actions also, and was at times truly ridiculous. The usual manner of interrogating for names was quite unsuccessful. On pointing to the nose, for instance, they did the same. Anything they saw done they would mimic, and with an extraordinary degree of accuracy. On these canoes approaching the ship, the principal one of the family, or chief, standing up in his canoe, made a harangue. He spoke in G natural, and did not vary his voice more than a semitone. The pitch of the voice of the female is an octave higher. Although they have been heard to shout quite loud,

yet they cannot endure a noise. When the drum beat, or a gun was fired, they invariably stopped their ears. They always speak to each other in a whisper. Their cautious manner and movements prove them to be of a timid race. The men are exceedingly jealous of their women, and will not allow any one, if they can help it, to enter their huts, particularly boys. The women were never suffered to come on board. They appeared modest in the presence of strangers. They never move from a sitting posture, or rather squat, with their knees close together, reaching to their chin, their feet in contact, and touching the lower part of their body. They are extremely ugly. Their hands and feet were small and well shaped, and from appearance they are not accustomed to do any hard work. They appear very fond, and seem careful of their young children, though on several occasions they offered them for sale for a trifle. They have their faces smutted all over, and it was thought, from the hideous appearance of the females, produced in part by their being painted and smutted, that they had been disfigured by the men previous to coming alongside. It was remarked that when one of them saw herself in a looking-glass, she burst into tears, as Jack thought from pure mortification. The men are employed in building the huts, obtaining food, and providing for their other wants. The women were generally seen paddling their canoes. When this party of natives left the ship and reached the shore, the women remained in their canoes, and the men began building their temporary huts; the little children were seen capering quite naked on the beach, although the thermometer was at 40°. On the hut being finished, which occupied about an hour, the women went on shore to take possession of it. They all seemed quite happy and contented. Before they left the ship the greater part of them were dressed in old clothes, that had been given to them by the officers and men, who all showed themselves extremely anxious 'to make them comfortable.' This gave rise to much merriment, as Jack was not disposed to allow any difficulties to interfere in the fitting. If the jackets proved too tight across the shoulders, which they invariably were, a slit down the back effectually remedied the defect. If a pair of trousers was found too small around the waist, the knife was again resorted to, and in some cases a fit was made by severing the legs. The most difficult fit, and the one which afforded the most merriment, was that of a woman to whom an old coat was given. This she concluded belonged to neither limbs, and no signs, hints, nor shouts could correct her mistake. Her feet were thrust through the sleeves, and after hard squeezing she succeeded in drawing them on. With

the skirts brought up in front, she took her seat in the canoe with great satisfaction, amid a roar of laughter from all who saw her. Towards evening Messrs. Waldron and Drayton visited their huts. Before they reached the shore, the natives were seen making a fire on the beach, for their reception, evidently to avoid their entering their huts. On landing, one of the men seemed anxious to talk with them. He pointed to the ship, and tried to express many things by gestures: then pointed to the south-east, and then again to the ship, after which, clasping his hands, as in our mode of prayer, he said 'Eloah, Eloah,' as though he thought we had come from God. After a little time they gained admittance to the hut. The men creeping in first, squatted themselves directly in front of the women, all holding out a piece of seal-skin to allow the heat to reach their bodies. The women squatted three deep behind the men, the oldest in front, nestling the infants. After being in the hut, Mr. Drayton endeavoured to call the attention of the man who had made signs to him before entering, to know whether they had any idea of a supreme being. The same man then put his hands together, repeating as before, 'Eloah, Eloah.' From this manner, it was inferred that they had some idea of a God or a supreme being. Their mode of expressing friendship is by jumping up and down. They made Messrs. Waldron and Drayton jump with them on the beach, before entering the hut, took hold of their arms, facing them, and jumping two or three inches from the ground, making them keep time to the following song:—

Ha ma la ha ma la ha ma la ha ma la
O la la la la la la la la.

All our endeavours to find out how they ignited their fire proved unavailing. It must be exceedingly difficult for them to accomplish, judging from the care they take of it, always carrying it with them in their canoes, and the danger they thus run of injuring themselves by it. Their food consists of limpets, mussels, and other shell-fish. Quantities of fish, and some seals, are now and then taken among the kelp, and with berries of various kinds, and wild celery, they do not want. They seldom cook their food much. The shell-fish are detached from the shell by heat, and the fish are partly roasted in their skins without being cleansed. When on board, one of them was induced to sit at the dinner-table; after a few lessons, he handled his knife and fork with much dexterity. He refused both spirits and wine, but was very fond of sweetened water. Salt provisions were not at all to his liking, but rice and plumb-pudding were agreeable to his taste, and he literally crammed them into his mouth. After his appetite had been sa-

tified, he was in great good humour, singing his hey 'Hey meh leh, dancing and laughing. His mimicry prevented any satisfactory inquiries being made of him relative to a vocabulary. Some of the officers painted the faces of these natives black, white, and red: this delighted them very much, and it was quite amusing to see the grimaces made by them before a looking-glass. One of these natives remained on board for upwards of a week, and being washed and combed, he became two or three shades lighter in colour. Clothes were put on him. He was about twenty-three years of age; and was unwell the whole time he was on board, from eating such quantities of rice, &c. His astonishment was very great on attending divine service. The moment the chaplain began to read from the book, his eyes were rivetted upon him, where they remained as long as he continued to read. At the end of the week he became dissatisfied, and was set on shore, and soon appeared naked again. It was observed, from presents being made, that those who did not receive any began a sort of whining cry, putting on the most doleful-looking countenances imaginable. They are much addicted to theft, if any opportunity offers. The night before they left the bay, they stole and cut up one of the wind-sails, which had been scrubbed and hung up on shore to dry. Although we had no absolute proof of it, we are inclined to the belief that they bury their dead in caves."

Review.*

Strathern. By the Countess of Blessington.

"Strathern" is a lively picture of the world, *par excellence*, drawn with an unflinching hand, which removes the veil from fashionable life, and spares neither man nor woman in its successful attempt to expose heartlessness, and entire want of principle. *Roué* lords, manœuvring dowagers, and plotting daughters, figure in the busy scene; whilst admittance is given to their privacy, so as to leave no possible refuge for the hope that better hours come to these children of vanity. It is not often that novels of fashionable life convey a true idea of the persons they are intended to represent; its own members, however sensitive to the falseness and vice which surround them, shrink from an *exposé* of the world in which they live, and move, and have their being; and those who are not admitted behind its curtain, with whatever claims they may possess to cleverness and

goodness of purpose, can only *imagine* the characters they depict, and either fall short in their representations, or go so far beyond as to forfeit the belief of their readers. The Countess of Blessington is one of the "select few;" this *honourable* distinction gives weight to all she writes, and the puppets of her drama are instinct with reality and truth. Doubtless there are many in the *living royalty of vice*, who will be identified with the characters here given. It is not necessary to draw on imagination for the counterpart of Lord Alexander Beaulieu; and Lady Wellerby and her promotion-seeking daughters, are types of a class so numerous, as to render it unnecessary to enter the *soi-disant* high life, to make them understood. Among the very worst there must be some good, and so in Lady Blessington's novel we find men and women, who not only redeem the class to which they belong, but shed a lustre on humanity itself. There is no gilding of refined gold—no impersonation of a perfection which, alas! is to be met with in romances only; and though this novel spreads itself over four of the ordinary sized volumes, its interest never flags, and the writer is followed, through a crowd of actors and embarrassing circumstances, with a pleased attention, rather given to the person and facts immediately under consideration, than hurrying on to the *dénouement*. The narrative is interspersed with remarks, alike honourable to Lady Blessington and their subjects; the following is a *deserved* and *deserving* encomium on the largest and most enlightened class England possesses.—

"You must come and see me, *sans cérémonie*," said Strathern, more and more pleased with his host; "and we will examine my collection free from interruption. You have only seen my statues and pictures in a crowd; indeed I should be considered *exigeant*, or, as our countrymen say, a bore, if I asked the generality of people to visit the works of art I possess; but you, who have proved how well you understand these matters, will not consider me so, and will soon come to Strathern House."

"We have some liberal patrons of art in England among the nobility and gentry," observed Lord Wyndermere; "and still more among what are designated the middle classes; men who, having made large fortunes, have the good taste to expend a considerable portion of their wealth in the acquisition of fine pictures. I have been to see many collections in houses, the names of whose owners I had not heard until named to me by some of our best artists as their most generous patrons, and have been delighted at witnessing the gems they possess, and their just appreciation of them. I confess to you I have felt proud of England when I visited those collections; and

* In the review of "Young Love," a few errors unfortunately escaped. The most important are, "least deserving" for "best deserving," "funny" for "frenzy," and "quiet flowing" for "quick flowing."

was more than ever ready to admit the justice of a celebrated foreigner's remark, that the middle class in England is, indeed, most estimable, possessing much of the quality of its favourite beverage, beer, having neither the froth attributed to the fashionable portion of the highest class, nor the dregs which appertain to the lower.'

"You are right in agreeing in the opinion, for the more I see of my countrymen, the more I am convinced of the peculiar worth of this portion of them. What good men of business they make in the House of Commons! their habits of application, and constant contact with the world, give them a great advantage over the generality of country gentlemen, and enable them to discern much more quickly the practical from the theoretical, in the affairs brought before their notice. Education has made great strides in England, much greater than those who look only at the surface of society are prepared to admit, and no where can one be made so fully aware of this gratifying fact, as in the houses of commercial and professional men. Look at their families, too. The women with cultivated minds, and highly accomplished, fitted not only to enter the most polished society, but to adorn it; and the young men prepared to distinguish themselves, not merely in the professions to which they have been bred, but to acquit themselves in a more elevated sphere whenever they may be called to it.'

"How different to the intrigues of fifty years ago that we read of, when the accumulation of wealth, and sordid habits of economy, were their peculiar and striking characteristics!

"Yes, the march of intellect has been indeed a triumphant one in England; and though some portion of our population may have been dazzled by too much light, as those long kept in darkness are apt to be when first it breaks on them, and may not see their way so clearly as could be wished, every day will bring an amelioration of the few disadvantages peculiar to the rapid transitions from a stage of comparative ignorance to one of civilisation and refinement.'

"The old adage, 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' is a true one; the draught has now been so freely dispensed, that the danger to be apprehended from superficial knowledge will soon disappear. Good bye; let me see you soon."

Let smokers of cigars, meerschaums, and other inventions for consuming tobacco, and drying the juices of poor humanity, and that much to be pitied class of females—ladies on their preferment, having no end and aim in life but matrimony—listen to the following conversation:—

"To Lord Wyndermere alone did Stra-

thern disclose the *ennui* he experienced at the *fêtes* where he was so often a guest.

"I, too, have felt all that you describe," said that nobleman; "but beware, my dear friend, how you reveal it. A freemason, who betrayed the mysteries of his craft, would be less severely treated than he who confesses the overpowering dullness of London fashionable society, and which constitutes its chief characteristic. If each of its members were as frank as you are, who would wish to enter its pale? and the desire to enter, and the difficulties opposed by those who wish to enhance the imaginary favour of opening its portals, would be at an end. We all, who are initiated, know that we are filled by *ennui* at the parties we frequent, but we keep the secret for the pleasure—a spiteful one, I own—of seeing others anxious to become sharers of our supposed enjoyments. What but the sense of being possessed by this demon fills our clubs, and has given rise to the filthy and unbearable habit of smoking? a habit which so unblushingly betrays a disregard to the comfort of women, by infecting them with the odour with which our clothes are impregnated.'

"How ladies can submit to receive into their society men who, by this filthy and disgusting habit, render themselves totally unfit for it, has ever been to me a matter of utter surprise, and I confess that, in my opinion, there never was a condescension on their part more ill-judged. We soon learn to undervalue those who do not make us feel that they respect themselves; and when women betray such a desire for our society as to be content to receive us, breathing, not of Araby the blest, but of cigars, we may prove ungrateful enough to think that we cannot be done without, and so dictate laws to those who ought to frame them for us. For myself, I feel ashamed for my sex, when I see men approaching ladies in *soirées* and balls, their clothes sending forth an odour that but too plainly discloses how recently they had been indulging in the abomination of smoking; and yet these delicate creatures, ready to

'Die of a rose in aromatic pain,'

evince no symptom, whatever they may feel, of the disgust which so vile an effluvia is calculated to excite.'

"As long as women are taught to think that to form a good marriage is the end and aim of their lives, they will, to accomplish this object, consent to tolerate habits in men from which they naturally recoil in disgust, and will carefully conceal their distaste, lest it should militate against the sole project they have in view—a good settlement for life.'

"Poor girls! they are much more to be pitied than blamed. This husband-hunting system is the result of the unequal

distribution of fortune in the families of the rich and noble in England. Young women with us, of high birth, and nurtured in luxury, are so scantily portioned, that, should they not succeed in forming eligible marriages, no resource awaits them but to wed some *parvenu*, with no other recommendation but his wealth, or to wear out their lives as dependents in the establishments of their elder brothers or married sisters, where they are not always certain to be treated with that kindness to which their helpless position has so strong a claim. The wife of the lordly brother is seldom found to be amicably disposed towards his dependent sisters; nor is the husband of a sister, in general, more partial to their becoming fixtures in his house. What, then, can be more dreaded by young women than the chance of such a fate as I have described? and actuated by the fear of it, can it be wondered at that they submit to many innovations in *les bienséances* on the part of men, which, under other circumstances, they would never tolerate?

"I agree with you most fully, and heartily wish that a provision sufficiently large to support unmarried women in comfort and independence should be secured by fathers to their daughters, though at the risk of leaving the heir presumptive a few thousands a year less."

"Were this plan adopted, women would resume the natural good taste and decent dignity which their dependent position so often compels them to abdicate, and men would be obliged to observe that respectful deference towards them to which they are entitled."

"This would be, indeed, a most desirable change, and one devoutly to be wished for; but with estates so strictly entailed on eldest sons, as English ones generally are, and with provisions so limited for younger children, I fear there is little chance of its adoption, unless fathers and mothers show more inclination than the greater part of them are at present disposed to do to retrench their heavy expenditures, in order to lay by from their incomes wherewithal to add to the scanty portions allotted to their daughters."

"And this, I fear, they are too selfish to do, even if they had the power; for the luxurious habits, overgrown establishments, and carelessness in checking the impositions practised on them, so characteristic of the aristocracy of our time, have involved the greater number of them in pecuniary difficulties which leave them only barely sufficient, if even that, to meet the yearly demands on their often anticipated resources."

"It is, in truth, a sad state of things, and leaves one little hope of seeing women placed in a state of competence that would save them from the humiliating necessity

of husband-hunting, with all the mortifications inseparable from such a pursuit. I love to see that greatly vilified and much-enduring class of spinsters denominated old maids, blessed with the means of securing a home, however modest a one it may be, for their old age, instead of living in dependence on a brother or married sister, performing many of the duties of a menial, without receiving wages or thanks. See those poor women, after a youth passed in the splendid residences of their parents, and in a round of gaiety, having failed to secure husbands, and their good looks faded, 'left to wither on the virgin stem,' with a stipend wholly inadequate to provide any of the comforts of life, deemed incumbrances by those on whom they depend, and painfully awake to the disagreeableness of their position; the gravity and pensiveness it is so well calculated to awaken, draws on them the imputation of being 'ill-humoured old maids,' 'tiresome old spinsters,' and all the various other offensive epithets applied by the unthinking and unfeeling to those whom they ought to commiserate rather than deride."

"Yes, there are few classes more deserving esteem than those denominated old maids. What kind and tender nurses to the sick, what affectionate and sympathising companions to the sorrowful, do the maiden aunts to be found in families make! They are the never-failing resources of all who require their aid, and the providence of nephews and nieces, down to the second and third generation, in all the tribulations peculiar to the imprudence of youth. They are the conscientious guardians to whom orphan girls can be confided by dying mothers, whose last hours are soothed by the certainty of how faithfully their injunctions will be fulfilled. They are the sedate chaperons to supply a mother's place, when pleasure or business call that parent from her daughters; in short, they are, in my opinion, a comfort in every family, and should be treated with marked distinction."

"We are not deficient in humanity, Heaven knows, in England; we have asylums and funds to meet many cases of distress and hardship. Why should we not subscribe a sum, to be disposed of in adding, according as the case may require it, to the narrow incomes of unmarried women, such as we have described, the fund to be vested in proper hands, and the yearly stipend to be paid without subjecting those who require it, to the painful necessity of an application from which their delicacy and pride would revolt."

"An excellent notion, I declare, and one to which I will readily give my support to carry into effect."

"We will prove that, though the age of chivalry is gone by, and that men no longer

go about proclaiming the superiority of the ladies of their love, and offering, for their dear sakes, to redress the wrongs of the fair sex, we are ready to provide for the comfort of a portion of them peculiarly entitled to our respect, and for doing which no selfish motive can be attributed to us."

The most amusing character in the book is an Irish widow, rich in purse, vulgarity, and brogue. Sprung from the lowest class of peasantry, whilst serving as nursemaid in the family of a Colonel Fairfax, her sweet voice warbling its native airs, bewitches an old gentleman, a fellow-countryman, who thus transported to the days of his youth, in spite of her ugliness and undisguised vulgarity, makes her his wife, that the remainder of his days may be cheered by her songs. He dies soon after, leaving her a fortune of ten thousand a year. As may be imagined, Mrs. Maclaurin grows in every taste and feeling, without a thought which does not centre in self, launches into a style of living, which her excessive bad taste would render disgusting, if it were not for the humour with which her *gourmanderies* and ostentatious expenditures are treated. We subjoin a scene, where she forms a prominent figure in the Carnival at Rome. It will give some idea of the woman, and if it tempts lovers of laughter to know more of the Irish widow, they will find themselves amply repaid for their trouble:—

"The ambassadors, in their state equipages, had just driven through the Corso, when all eyes were attracted by a very gaudy chariot, with a coachman and three footmen, wearing the most showy liveries, and the horses nearly covered with ribands. In the carriage were seated two ladies, one of whom was in the costume of a sultana, wearing a profusion of costly jewels. The *outré* appearance of this lady, who was also very plain, joined to the bad taste and gaudiness of her equipage, produced considerable merriment among the crowd, while showers of *bonbons* saluted the sultana from every side, much to her annoyance, as was testified by angry looks and violent gestures. The carriage of this lady stopped at the next door to the house in the balcony of which Lady Wellerby, her daughters, Mrs. and Miss Sydney, Sirathern, and Mr. Rhymer, had taken their places, and soon after the sultana and her companion took their seats on an adjoining balcony, to which all eyes were directed.

"The widow of the stockbroker, by all that is good!" exclaimed Mr. Rhymer to Mrs. Sydney, "is she not charming? What a sultana! I must get as near her as I can, for her remarks must be as amusing as her appearance."

"Don't tell me that it's the custom to

throw things in this way," said Mrs. Maclaurin—for it was no other than that lady—to her alarmed companion, Mrs. Bernard. "Look at me; see how I am scratched and bruised. I dare say I shall be black and blue all over to-morrow. A pack of brutes to pelt a lady in this manner. And they call this pleasure, do they? Who ever saw such a thing in England?"

"You should have held the tin shield before your face, madam, and that would have saved you."

"But if I had, what would have been the good of wearing my diamonds? nobody would have seen them."

"To this remark Mrs. Bernard made no reply, but scarcely had it been uttered when a volume of *bonbons*, thrown with unerring aim, alighted on the face and person of Mrs. Maclaurin, who, irritated by the bruises they inflicted, and the chalky stains left on her dress, neck, and arms, angrily seized a quantity of the same missiles from a *dépot* of them provided by her courier, and launched them with all her might at the crowd. The violence of her gestures, and the redness of her face and neck, occasioned by her wrathful emotions, as well as by the movement of her arms, rendered her a most ludicrous as well as a most conspicuous object, and as the passing crowd looked up at her, peals of laughter might be heard, which greatly increased her anger.

"Look at her," said Mr. Rhymer, "she resembles nothing human at this moment, with that dark, red face, around which so many brilliants are sparkling. She reminds me of the pieces of raw meat said to be thrown into the Valley of Diamonds, and to which so many of those precious gems adhere. I only wish that some vast bird of prey would descend and bear her off in his talons, as these said pieces of rare flesh are served for the sake of preserving the diamonds. But this wish cannot fail to be accomplished. Some bird of prey, in the shape of a ruined spendthrift, for love of filthy lucre, will bear away this creature one of these days, notwithstanding her ugliness and vulgarity."

"Let me implore you, madam, to desist," said Mrs. Bernard, in the most humble accents, her own person covered with white marks from the showers of *bonbons* that had hit her.

"But, I tell you, I won't desist. Haven't I as good a right to throw at them as they have to throw at me?" and, suiting the action to the words, she filled both her large hands with the sweatmeats, and discharged them at the passers-by, who, in turn, sent up such a volley at her that she found herself almost blinded, and screamed with pain and passion. Nevertheless, again and again she threw down handfuls of *bonbons* with a

violence of action and vigor that denoted the rage she was in, and convinced her antagonists, and their name was legion, that the sultana must be a man in disguise. This belief induced a continuation of hostilities on their part much stronger than ought, or than probably would have been directed towards a woman, until the police thought it necessary to interfere; but even then the spirited sultana, determined to remain victor of the field, continued to pelt her late assailants with such pertinacity and force that two of the police deemed it expedient to enter the house from the balcony of which she was so actively hurling defiance at her foes, and soon stood beside her, to the terror of Mrs. Bernard, who, with dishevelled locks and disordered garments, stood entrenched behind Mrs. MacLaurin, who was loudly and angrily reproaching her for her pusillanimity in not appearing in the brunt of the action, and for not lending her assistance to discomfit her foes.

"Oh! for heaven's sake, madam, stop!" said the *dame de compagnie*, "here are the police, and you will be arrested."

"What do I care for them?" replied the lady. "Was it I that began the fray? and haven't I a right to defend myself? A pack of cowardly ragamuffins, to attack one of the fair sex?"

"The appearance of the speaker was so wholly at variance with all idea of the sex to whose privilege and claim to protection she referred, that none of the persons on the adjoining balcony who heard her—and she spoke so loudly that nearly all did—could resist from laughing."

"Pretty usage for the fair sex indeed!" observed Mr. Rhymer, with a comical mixture of gravity and mischief in his pale countenance.

"All the individuals on the balcony of Mrs. Sydney and her party now lent attentive ears to hear what was passing between Mrs. MacLaurin and the police. These last, with considerable sternness, commanded the excited combatant to desist, but she, wholly ignorant of their language, glanced defiance at them. Mrs. Bernard then explained to her the purport of their visit, and the prudence of not resisting their advice."

"Hold your tongue, you stupid fool!" replied Mrs. MacLaurin, her face flushing anew with anger. "I don't know their lingo, and I don't want to understand what they say; then why should you, like a busy-body thankless, try to explain it to me? Hold your tongue, I say, and leave me to talk to them. What do you mean by coming up to my balcony to insult me, I should like to know?" said the dauntless amazon, confronting the police, and placing her arms in the posture in which Holbein painted the bluff Harry the Eighth. 'I'd have you to

know that I'm an English woman, ay, and a rich one too, able to buy half your dirty old city, with all its shabby ruins, and your old Pope into the bargain.'

The police, angered by her manner, would have removed her from the balcony, but for Strathern's interference, who dismissed them with a piece of gold. The conclusion at which she arrives on her way home, after quarrelling with Lady Wellerby and her daughters, is amusing enough.

"And they call this pleasure, do they?" said she to her wearied and forlorn-looking companion. "Was there ever such an imposition on the public? And to think that I have paid ten louis a day for the hire of this balcony, to have my face, neck, and arms battered and bruised by the pelting I have got; my arms, too, are so tired from throwing, that I can hardly move them. How mad my lord will be when he hears how I have been treated? he'll never believe that the police would have the impudence to dare lay hands on a lady of my fortin. I daresay, if the truth were known, that they were brigands in disguise, who seeing my fine jewels, laid a plot to carry me off, and keep me until I paid them a large ransom, just as somebody read to me in England happened to a rich lady. Yes, I am sure they were brigands."

We should like to follow Mrs. MacLaurin to a *bal costumé*, or as she would call it, a ball cost-chew-me, but time and space forbid, and we can only promise amusement and instruction to all who will seek her in the pages of this clever novel, whose plot is too intricate for a reviewer to unravel.

The Gatherer.

The King of the French, to aid the intellectual movement in Norway, has sent to the government copies of a variety of the great scientific works published by the government of France. These copies have been distributed between the Library of the Royal Norwegian Navy, at Frederiksværn, and those of the university of Christiania and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Drontheim.

Great Mausoleum.—The king of Hanover, says a German journal has ordered that a monument similar to that of queen Louisa of Prussia, and which will cost 200,000 thalers, shall be erected in honour of his late queen, in front of the palace of Herrenhausen, near his capital.

Miniature Almanac.—We present our readers, on the following page, with an almanac for the year, which it is not too much to say, is one of the most compact and handy ever published.

ALMANACK FOR 1845.

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Alfred the Great.—The maritime knowledge of this illustrious prince, and the numerous victories he gained over his enemies (the Danes), are fully detailed in several naval histories (See *Kent's Biographia Nautica*, i., 16-21.—*Campbell's Lives of the Admirals*, i., 39-47.). Alfred constructed ships, or rather galleys, of a much larger size than any that had been yet seen, and capable of rowing above sixty oars. With these galleys he entirely rid the channel of a nest of daring pirates, with which the coast of Devonshire and the Isle of Wight had been infested. (*Schomberg's Naval Chronology*, i. 4). The Abbé Raynal is of opinion that this, together with the efforts of Charlemagne, in France, and some cities of Italy, with a view to repel the attacks of the Arabs and the Normans, occasioned the revival of naval skill in Europe. Alfred is supposed to be the first who sent to discover the utmost extent of the Arctic regions, and the possibility of a passage, on that side of the north-east; this voyage, some writers tell us, was undertaken by Othar, a native of Heligoland, who was directed by Alfred to survey the coast of Norway and Lapland. On his return he gave a clear description of those countries and their inhabitants, with an account of the whale fishery. The king soon after sent Wolfstan, an Englishman, to explore these northern regions, whose relation corresponded with that of Othar. To point out the degree of perfection that navigation had made in his reign, it may be observed, that the Christians being in great distress at St. Thomas's, on the peninsula of India, Alfred sent out vessels to their relief. This expedition, which succeeded beyond his hopes, opened, in all probability, the great source of commerce now resulting from that quarter of the world.—*Schomberg's New Chron.* i., 4.

"The Wealthy Fool with Gold in store," Miss Murton, of Trumpington street, Cambridge, of most eccentric character and habits, died recently at the age of 71, and though possessed of property to the amount of £50,000, lived in the most wretched state in a house by herself, and was in the habit of sitting on the ground surrounded by filth, with two starved black cats on either side of her. She would have perished through cold and want, or been eaten up with vermin, but for the kind attention of her relatives. She left the bulk of her property to the family of Mr. Thomson, stone mason, and all her houses to Mr. Charles Pemberton, both of Cambridge.

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